



Unwanted Attention

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Summary:

Bill gets caught alone and Henry has just been waiting for this. It just wants to f***ing sleep!

Unwanted Attention

Bill made the mistake of walking home alone, walking beside his bike instead of riding it. He was on his way home from spending a day at the quarry with his friends. He was lost in thought, pondering the sleeping clown down in the sewers. He idly wondered if he should go down there, just to make sure it was still sleeping. He was walking past the Barrens anyway and he really didn't want to go home to that cold house of absent parents.

Years had passed, but the older Denbroughs remained aloof and passive. They didn't actually care about their remaining son. His Dad showed up for Parent-Teacher days at school because it was required of him but he didn't seem to listen to anything the teacher had to say about his teenage son, no matter how glowing the praise.

Bill was so lost in his thoughts, he almost didn't hear the car rumbling up to him until the tires squealed right beside him. He whipped his head around and locked eyes with Henry Bowers just as the bully hopped out of the car.

"Bowers!" Bill hissed, turning to get on his bike, but was grabbed by the scruff of his plain t-shirt and yanked backward. His bike tipped over with a clang and his back hit Henry's chest, lithe muscled arms locking around him like iron bands. "Hey, B-B-Billy!"

"Let me g-go!" Bill struggled immediately, hearing the other three bullies jump out of the car.

"Where d'you think you're going, pretty boy?" Henry hissed against Bill's cheek.

Bill grimaced and kicked one of his legs backward until he felt it connect with Henry's shin bone.

The bully growled in pain and loosened his grip, just enough for Bill to duck out of his arms. He dodged the other boys, who by rights should be adults now but they never acted as such, and ran across the street, hopping the fence over there as fast as his legs could carry him. He slid quickly down the steep hill; sticks, weeds, and branches

whipping at the bottoms of his legs like thousands of little switches against soft flesh, where his long denim shorts didn't cover.

He heard Henry screaming his name and some very colorful obscenities. Some of the promises shouted down at him made him shiver with dread. Some making him worry about whether he'll make it home in one piece, mentally and physically. He really didn't like the innuendo laced in Henry's words either.

Bowers had gotten weirder over this last year or so. His violence and bullying focusing more on Bill and less on others. His abuse getting more physical. It worried Bill, in the back of his mind, about just what Bowers would do to him if he caught him alone.

He wasn't afraid though. He would never be afraid of Bowers or his gang of bullies. Nothing could ever be worse than the stone-cold fear that dropped into his belly when he realized Georgie had gone missing those years ago. Or the near dread of seeing that clown again. He didn't fear It, but he did fear what It would do to his loved ones when It woke up again.

Bill finally made it down the hill, his canvas Chucks immediately soaking through with water from the river. He slipped on the silty riverbed and landed backward onto his ass in the cold water. The sound of angry voices getting closer had him up and running through the shallow banks of the river, downstream to the opening that led to the sewers. It was the only thing that promised any chance of escaping the band of bullies.

He worried a little about how much of a bad idea this was. Then he looked over his shoulder and saw Bowers not more than a few yards behind him.

“Sh-shit!” Bill panted out, dashing into the sewer opening. He ran through the nasty water, rounding corner after corner with the sounds of footsteps close behind.

There was nowhere for him to hide, or any way to hide the sounds of his feet splashing the water with every step, so he kept running. He ran as fast as one could while wading through water full of objects hiding in the murk, waiting to trip you. He heard Bowers' footsteps

getting closer, the bully had ceased shouting his threats to instead focus on chasing him.

Bill finally came to a drier section of the sewer, but it smelled awful. Like rotting flesh. He could see light up ahead that looked like it was coming from a bigger room, and then he realized exactly where he was headed. He just hoped the ruckus wouldn't wake the beast up.

He was slowing down, breath coming out in pants and his shoes squelching sodden with greywater.

He didn't get too much farther before he felt someone grab the back of his shirt again, this time yanking him back to be grabbed by two strong and angry hands that then slammed him against the metal wall, his head connecting with the wall. It knocked the wind and the senses out of him, Bill sliding down onto the ground in a daze. One of his hands immediately going up to his sore head. He was grabbed around the middle and pulled up into a set of arms that shifted to put him in a chokehold. Bill had grown several inches since entering high school, but Bowers still had height on him, and the bully was definitely still stronger than him. He pulled at the arm around his neck, while he heard the sound of three more sets of feet converging on the situation.

Bill looked up and watched the rest of Bowers' gang coming up to them. He struggled harder as he watched Huggins, Criss and Hockstetter come to join in the fun. Criss and Hockstetter had sick grins on their faces, the latter flicking a lighter opened and closed. Huggins was smiling cruelly as he stepped up and grabbed Bill's arms, so the younger was suddenly flipped around to face Bowers instead, his arms wrenched behind him by Huggins' impossibly strong grip. Huggins was even bigger than Henry and held Bill in check with ease, no matter how much the smaller struggled in his grip.

"L-Let go!" Bill panted, out of breath from running and then being choked. His plea was only met by laughs.

"Not a chance, Denbrough," Henry said, grabbing the front of Bill's shirt. "I've been waiting for a chance like this!"

"What are you t-talk-!" Bill cut off when Henry flicked out a knife.

“H-Henry! Don't!”

The blade neared him but was simply used to cut his shirt open down the front and then turned to tear it from his arms as well.

“W-What-?” Bill started to ask.

“Look at that!” Henry panted with a glint in his eye, slapping a hand forward to feel Bill's bare chest, sliding down to his abdomen. “You really grew into that lanky body of yours, Billy!”

“D-D-Don't t-touch m-m-m-m-...” Bill breathed, his stutter worsening with his apprehension, panic rising in him.

“Oh no, we're going to do a lot of touching, Billy Boy,” Henry said lowly, locking eyes with Bill as he licked his lips.

“N-No, Henry!” Bill pleaded, hoping he was wrong about what Henry wanted. “N-N-N-Not th-this! P-Please!”

Bill felt Huggins' laugh through his back pressed against the bigger boy's chest. He started to struggle harder, just as Henry moved his knife to press the tip against the spot just below the button of Bill's shorts, causing Bill to stop struggling suddenly. Henry grinned and turned the blade to hook the tip of it into the buttonhole around the metal grommet button, then cut the button loop apart with a flick of his wrist. Henry clicked the switchblade back into its handle, then paused. He just stared at Bill with something disturbing in his eyes.

Bill gasped, holding his breath in as he watched and waited for Henry to decide what he was going to do next. Henry seemed to be memorizing Bill's chest, his eyes moving up to Bill's neck and then to look him in the eye again. The bully's grin widened and Bill swallowed in trepidation. Henry took a step back.

“N-N-No!” Bill said, just as two other sets of hands came up on either side of him to yank the shorts from him. They were pulled down and off his legs harshly, the same hands taking his shoes in the process. He was mildly glad that he'd graduated to boxers recently, but that feeling didn't last long, as they too were cut off his body. Henry flipped the blade back out and slid it into the side of Bill's remaining

garment with unsettling ease to his hand.

P-Please, don't d-do thi-this!?" Bill begged, noticing the bulge in Henry's jeans.

"I said I've been waiting for this!" Henry said, dropping his knife and stepping up, leaning in to run his nose up Bill's neck, his tongue following it.

"Aah, st-sto-" Bill was cut off by Henry's hand clamping down over his mouth.

"Quit your beggin'!" Henry growled. "We'll save that for later."

Hockstetter giggled, flicking his lighter a few times, obviously getting excited as well. Bill felt tears collecting at the corners of his eyes, knowing he wasn't getting out of this without help, which was going to be hard to come by down in the bowels of the sewers of Derry.

Henry flicked his tongue into Bill's ear before his hot breath moved back down and the blunt edges of his teeth sunk into Bill's shoulder. Bill shouted against the hand over his mouth. He felt Henry's hand move away from his mouth, only to be replaced by one of Hockstetter's. Henry's hands touched on his chest and sides, moving downward until he could grab two hands full of Bill's ass. Bill grunted as Henry ground his hard cock against Bill's hip.

Bill tasted bile rise up his throat when he felt that Huggins' was hard too, pressing against his ass. He felt Huggins' breath against the other side of his neck. "Damn, he smells good!" the bigger one groaned, making Bill shiver with dread.

In the back of his mind, Bill wondered how Henry had talked his friends into doing this to him. Henry had been paying more attention to him, but he never realized the rest of his gang shared his desires. He wondered what he'd done to have this group's attention on him in the first place. This wasn't just a whim, they all seemed to be on the same wavelength, wanting the same thing to some degree. They'd talked about this at some point before they came up to him in that car just now.

Just how long had they been planning to do this? And why him?

Here he was in the sewer, surrounded by immature technically grown men that he'd thought hated him, and was most likely about to lose every semblance of virginity by said grown men (though he wasn't counting that time he did that thing with Ritchie... Or that time with Eddie).

Bill grunted when he felt fingers he knew to be Henry's touch on his puckered hole, pushing the tip of one inside. He heard Hockstetter panting in his ear, as he watched Henry finger Bill dry. Huggins was lightly grinding his groin against Bill's body. Criss was standing back and, with a glance, Bill found him to have his hand down his pants, watching everything Henry was doing to Bill avidly.

They all startled at the sudden sound of a deep guttural growl coming from down the tunnel. They turned to look toward the lit end of the tunnel, pausing everything they were doing.

"What the fuck was that?" Hockstetter asked as he looked around, just before Bill bit his hand hard enough to draw blood.

Hockstetter screamed, and so did Henry when Bill's knee hit him in the balls. Henry fell back, holding his manhood. Huggins moved to get a better hold of Bill, until Bill's head made harsh contact with his nose, making a loud crunch, and Bill was released. Criss moved to grab him, but Bill threw himself sideways, away from all of the older boys.

He landed on his hands and knees, grimacing when he felt something he landed on bite sharp into his knee. He reached for his discarded shorts as he got ready to stand up, but found his freedom short-lived.

"Oh, no you don't!" Henry growled, throwing himself onto Bill's back, putting all of his weight into holding him down. Bill's chin hit the floor, causing him to bite his lip and his teeth to clack painfully. "You're not going anywhere, Billy Boy." Henry breathed harshly against the back of Bill's neck. "Not until I'm done with you." He bit sharply into Bill's neck, sucking a dark bruise into the fleshy part at the nape, while he waited for his comrades to collect themselves. Bill groaned in disgust, his mouth filling with the taste of blood from his

bitten lip.

Huggins grabbed Bill's arms and helped Henry flip him over onto his back, then pinned his arms down. Henry loomed over Bill, wrapping his hands around the sides of Bill's head, digging his fingers into his scalp.

"Think you can get away from me, Billy?" Henry growled, gripping Bill's head harder, fingers yanking on short auburn hairs. Henry shook Bill's head a little. "You're mine!"

Suddenly, Henry's lips were on Bill's, teeth nipping the younger boy's lips. Bill tried to turn his head, but Henry still had a tight hold of him. His next instinct was to bite, but Henry pulled away before he could, moving his lips instead to Bill's throat. He bit down and sucked another bruise.

Hockstetter and Criss moved to either side of Henry, urging their leader to move back. They grabbed Bill's legs and pried them open for him, pushing his knees up to bare his ass. Henry grinned evilly, one hand rubbing at his cock hard in his jeans.

"I'm gonna enjoy this!" Henry panted.

"N-No-" Bill tried to say but this time it was Criss' hand over his mouth.

"Watch it! He bites hard!" Hockstetter giggled.

Henry ignored them as he put his finger in his mouth and pulled it back out, slick with saliva. He watched Bill's eyes widen, as he reached down and shoved the finger all the way in to the third knuckle, enjoying the muffled scream behind Criss' hand.

"Fuck, you're tight!" Henry groaned, wriggling his finger around a little. He smirked when he found what he was looking for and Bill jerked his hips involuntarily, choking back a small moan. "There it is!"

Bill's whole face and chest reddened with shame and arousal, as his own cock hardened against his will.

"Gonna make you enjoy this, too, Bill," Henry hissed in Bill's ear, surprising Bill with the use of his name without any mocking nicknames. No Billy Boy's, no false stutters, no shouting of his last name. He called him Bill, which worried him more than any of the childish name-calling ever did. Henry pulled his finger out. "Gonna make sure you know who you belong to."

Bill heard Henry's belt buckle clink and his zipper sound loudly in the dirty tunnel. He tried to shake his head, but Criss held his hand tighter over his mouth, almost cutting off his air supply. He tried to free his arms and legs, but they hardly budged. Bill froze when he felt something much bigger than a finger touch against his hole. He once again tried to shake his head, but no one noticed, because that's when Henry pushed in. Criss moved his hand away so they could hear Bill's scream.

Scream he did. The sound echoing off the metal walls of the endless tunnels. Henry took a few thrusts to sink all the way in, bludgeoning his way in. Tears flowed down Bill's face, as blood flowed from his body. His own erection quickly wilting from unimaginable pain.

"H-Help..." Bill breathed brokenly, making Henry grin. "P-P-Please!" He tried to shout, hoping that someone would hear. Anyone.

The older boy, fucking into Bill's body with a single-minded relish, loved hearing him beg and he loved watching those small pink petal-like lips move to make those begging sounds. It made him impatient, eager to fuck Bill hard and fast. It made him crave more.

That's when they heard another growl, this time closer. This time it came from the dark end of the tunnel. The heads of the other boys turning in that direction, except for Henry who was too engrossed in taking pleasure from Bill's body. He was loving every second of this, memorizing the feel of Bill Denbrough underneath him. Right where he belongs!

A nasty giggle sounded from the opposite end of the tunnel, all their heads turning to the new noise. Bill tensed up, eyes widening. No! It couldn't be awake yet!

Henry grunted with every thrust, oblivious to the stillness of his

friends. Bill squeezed his eyes shut, not sure if he should stay quiet or warn these idiots about what would happen if they didn't all get out of there right this fucking second!

Criss let go of Bill's leg and got up to find out where the noise came from. Henry barely noticed, glancing up for all of a moment but never ceasing his violation of Bill Denbrough. Henry leaned in to lick a stray tear off Bill's cheek but was interrupted by Huggins suddenly being yanked away. Bill's arms were freed and he immediately began pushing at Henry.

"Get away!" Bill panted, pushing at the bully until Henry grabbed his wrists and pinned them down himself.

That's when they noticed the absence of both Hockstetter and Criss as well. Henry stopped his movements, looking around for his friends.

"What the fuck?" Henry said, out of breath from fucking Bill so hard.

"Henry, you have to get off me!" Bill said without a single stutter.

"Hell no!" Henry gasped, looking down at Bill. He started thrusting again, enjoying the feel of Bill around his cock. He'd worry about where his idiot friends went later.

"H-Henry! Stop!" Bill begged.

The bully leaned down and took Bill's mouth again, biting at his bottom lip harshly. Bill's mouth opened with a gasp of his own, opening up to Henry's tongue, which shoved itself down his throat. Henry groaned in pleasure, his hips never losing their rhythm. It only took a few more thrusts, then Henry came hard and deep inside Bill, moaning into the younger boy's mouth. Bill shivered, not liking the feeling of Henry's hot release in the most intimate part of himself. He might throw up.

Henry pulled his mouth away, licking Bill's blood from his lips, his hips making a few lazy thrusts until he stopped and pulled out. He stared down at Bill, still panting and holding onto the other's wrists tight enough to bruise. There was a mad look in his eyes that Bill was ashamed to admit –scared him.

Henry shifted Bill's wrist to be held in one of his own, the free hand moving to grab something from beside them. Bill paled when he realized it was the pocket knife from before.

"D-Don't!" Bill begged as Henry flicked the blade out.

"Gotta make sure everyone else knows who you belong to, too," Henry breathed, drawing the flat of the blade down Bill's chest teasingly.

"Henry, p-please," Bill begged again, softly, remembering what Henry had done to Ben with that knife. What he meant to do. Bill did not want Henry Bowers' name carved anywhere on his body.

Henry grinned down at Bill, then suddenly Henry was gone. Bill was alone in the tunnel, naked and hurt. He sat up with a grimace. He reached for what was left of his shorts and moved to pull them on when he heard a giggle from right behind him. He froze, then swung his head around and came nose to nose with the painted face and hungry yellow eyes of Pennywise the Dancing Clown.

Bill threw himself backward, but the clown followed, climbing on top of Bill.

"Hiya, Billy!" It said, grinning and drooling. Bill noticed Its sharp teeth already covered in blood. He couldn't really bring himself to feel too sorry about what happened to Bowers' gang, they were a bunch of rapists.

"H-Hi," Bill squeaked back, suddenly shivering. "Y-You're not sleeping..."

"Not when a bunch of inconsiderate hooligans make so much noise," It said, smirking. "It's hard to sleep when you're all so loud."

"Why d-did you interfere?" Bill asked. "You could have j-just ignored us until we-we left."

"Yes, but you see, I don't like sharing," Pennywise said, shrugging. "They were touching my things, so obviously I had to eat them." Pennywise suddenly frowned. "What's the matter, Billy? Aren't you happy to see me?"

Bill paused. "Y-Yes and no," he finally answered.

Pennywise tilted its head in question, a small smile at the corner of his mouth. "Why's that?"

"Y-You got rid of B-Bowers before he could c-carve me up-p like a turkey, but I have a fe-feeling you're going to e-eat me anyways," Bill filled in.

A gloved hand stroked Bill's face gently. "Maybe not. I am a bit full at the moment. That big one really filled me up." The clown giggled and grinned, "Then again, you're all alone right now. No friends to save you." It stroked its fingers through Bill's tousled auburn strands.

"I won't b-bother you again," Bill said. "You could just let me g-go."

"Boo!" It jeered, suddenly loud. "That's boring!"

Bill sighed heavily. "W-Whatever you're g-going to d-do, then j-just do it!" Bill grit out.

"Well, alright then," Pennywise said, his grin becoming a bit demented.

Suddenly, It shot forward and sunk sharp teeth into the same spot on his shoulder that Bowers had bitten. Bill shouted in pain, moving to hit the clown, but his hands were grabbed with a gentler but firmer hold than Bowers or Huggins. It wasn't bruising but he wouldn't be able to break free of it.

Pennywise gave the two other bite marks from Bowers the same treatment, Bill screaming each time he felt serrated teeth sink into him. The clown pulled its teeth free of Bill's bloody flesh, licking its lips with a hum. Without a word, the clown pulled Bill up by his wrists and threw him over its shoulder. Bill let out an embarrassing squeak and the clown laughed darkly.

"W-what are you do-ing?" Bill asked, struggling weakly.

"Playing with my toys," It said as though it were obvious.

"I'm not a t-toy!" Bill argued, kicking his bare legs against the

creature's chest.

The demon in a clown suit walked a short while, humming an indistinct tune. Taking seemingly random turns, he came to a small dark and dank room that opened up to what looked like a storm sewer grate in the center of the high ceiling. Bill would never be able to reach it, not without a boost.

He was suddenly dropped on a soft but damp surface. Bill looked down and realized he was on a sort of bed made out of old clothes and... baby blankets. Bill gagged just before he was hit in the face with the remnants of his own denim shorts.

“Get comfy, Little Buddy,” the clown said, snapping its fingers and grinning.

Bill frowned, wondering what he'd done with that snap of the fingers. He looked around but didn't see anything until he moved his foot and a loud metal clanking and a sharp pull on his ankle brought attention to the metal shackle around his right ankle.

“W-What? N-N-No!” Bill panicked, grabbing the shackle with his hands and attempting to pull it apart or down and off, to no avail.

Pennywise laughed, turning and ducking out of the tiny room.

“W-Wait!” Bill begged. “What are y-you d-doing?! What are you going t-to do with m-me!?”

A metal door clanged shut behind the clown. “See ya soon, Billy!”

“WAIT!”

End.

Author's Note:

I'm going to hell in a handbag. Does anyone want to join me?